1. Becauſe he ſhould haue ſwallowed mee too,
And when I had been in his belly,
I would haue kept ſuch a iangling of the Belles,
That he ſhould neuer haue left,
Till he caſt Belles, Steeple, Church and Pariſh vp againe:
But if the good King *Simonides* were of my minde.

Per. Simonides?

3. We would purge the land of theſe Drones,
That robbe the Bee of her Hony.

Per. How from the fenny ſubiect of the Sea,
Theſe Fiſhers tell the infirmities of men,
And from their watry empire recollect,
All that may men approue, or men detect.
Peace be at your labour, honeſt Fiſher-men.

2. Honeſt good fellow what's that, if it be a day fits you
Search out of the Kalender, and no body looke after it?

Per. May ſee the Sea hath caſt vpon your coaſt:

2. What a drunken Knaue was the Sea,
To caſt thee in our way?

Per. A man whom both the Waters and the Winde,
In that vaſt Tennis-court, hath made the Ball
For them to play vpon, intreates you pittie him:
Hee askes of you, that neuer vſ'd to begge.

1. No friend, cannot you begge?
Heer's them in our countrey of *Greece*,
Gets more with begging, then we can doe with working.

2. Canſt thou catch any Fiſhes then?

Per. I neuer practizde it.

2. Nay then thou wilt ſtarue ſure: for heer's nothing to be got now-adayes, vnleſſe thou canſt fiſh for't.

Per. What I haue been, I haue forgot to know;
But what I am, want teaches me to thinke on:
A man throng'd vp with cold, my Veines are chill,
And haue no more of life then may ſuffize,
To giue my tongue that heat to aske your helpe:
Which if you ſhall refuſe, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray you ſee me buried.

1. Die